

Harpeth Hall School Library
3801 Hobbs Road
Nashville, Tenn. 37215



P. S. 46

Hallmarks 79

1892

Hallmarks '79

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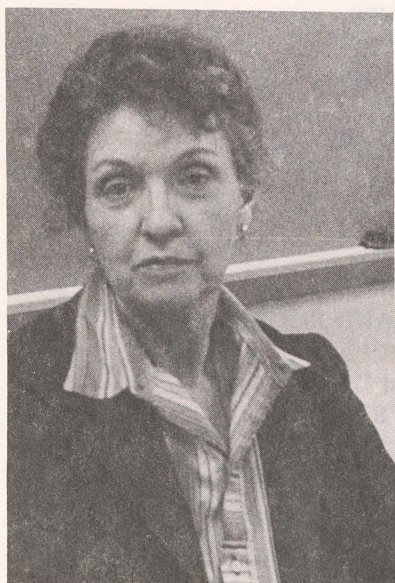
ARTWORK AND PHOTOGRAPHY

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Lea Boden '83
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EDITED BY Beth Bowers

Dedication



"A poet is a very sensitive person. He's got to be." Dr. Martha Overholser told one of her English classes one day. Through her years at Harpeth Hall, Dr. Overholser has captured a feeling for life and given it to all. She has cared for each of her Seniors as her own children, as written to her: "Remember, Dr. Overholser, you've got hundreds of children." How true. We will try not to be sad about your leaving, but it will not be easy. You were one of the two first sponsors of the Penstaff Club, and your love of poetry showed by putting the club on firm footing. We thank you, and just for you and the good times that Harpeth Hall has brought you, we, the Penstaff Club of 1979, dedicate *Hallmarks '79* to you.



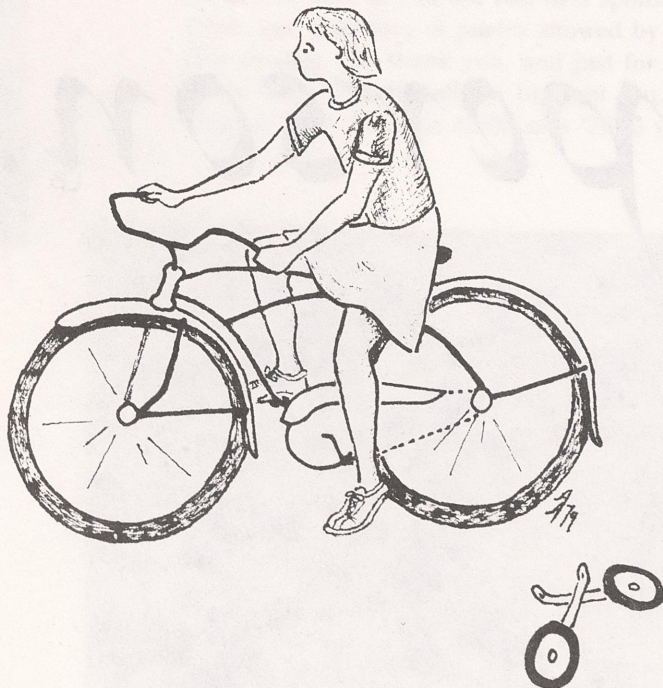
A poet
is a very
sensitive
person...



Senior Class Poem

Training Wheels
Betsy Bass '79

My father taught me to ride a bicycle yesterday.
Not "yesterday" in the sense of days, because
it was a thousand yesterdays ago when I
first wobbled onto the driveway. But it was
yesterday in the sense of life—I'm not ready
to launch out into the cold world. So it was
yesterday when Daddy put me on that blue
bike for the first time. I'm not ready to take
off my training wheels. Who's going to hold me
to make sure I don't fall? Who's going to
shout encouragement as I slowly stop wobbling?
Who's going to jump around when I'm
finally flying down the driveway? And who's
going to pick me up when I fall? Everybody
falls—and I'm going to need those training
wheels.



**Dear Brother
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79**

With responsibilities.

t when I remember
 en we played football
 was always the center
 was always "too little."
 member when
 e filled the sandbox
 th water
 make an ocean
 d when
 e made an interstate
 th our matchbox cars.

you were my very special big brother.

outside and play again.

Beth Ely '81

perhaps space is really
nothing more than
an infinity
of points
the walls i see
only the figments of
dimension
but if i were blind
there would be
no walls and for me
there would
be no points
only a space more infinite
than anything i could imagine . . .

Betsy Mabry '80

Life.
We're all different though we're all the same.
Death.
Nobody can tell us the details.

**Scrapbook
Sherri Sharp '82**

The once beautiful lettering has now faded,
the pages are old and torn.
The ragged corners have been curled and soiled by endless fingers.
Were these people real?
Did they exist as we do now?
Their faces are solemn and serene as if they were only a dream.
Could they be a dream?
Could they have been placed in time
by modern man's imagination?
But if they aren't real,
Are we some illusion that a future generation
has in its mind?
Could we be in some scrapbook with faded lettering,
torn pages and ragged corners?

May May not Come
Martha Stamps '79

To you the world is mundane.
Few things in your daily existence
 merit a smile to lighten those dark
 features.
A countenance possible of
warmth in perception and good humor
 bears nothing
 save intellectual cynicism.
An omniscient smirk
 shows us our all-encompassing opinion
 and the impotence hid therein.

What made you grow so grim?
Have you never been caught unaware
 by a whippoorwill, making all your
 meditations on metaphysics and ponderances
 on the philosophy of post-war
 France vanish—for just a second?
Has the image of one person never pervaded
 your thoughts—never briefly interrupted
 your reading
 of Machiavelli?
Did the tooth fairy never visit you?

And tell me, what Beast is yours?
Will time March on leaving you
 waiting for the ballet?

Pieces
Nicki Pendelton '79

Once burned, twice wise
I know the meaning of sacrifice
I am the parson & I am the queen
And I have also been rooked
You could be the knight
But the knight moves straight
And you are devious.
You move sideways
You must be the Bishop
But you are too unholy to be a Bishop
 Scatter the pieces
 Overturn the board
Teach to play again
For I have been a pawn too long
And I've been rooked.

After 4:30 P.M.
Suzy Bell '79

As she ambles within the bounds of the prison, a
peculiar and quieting mood filters onto her visage.
No wonder, all the inmates are gone. She strokes
through the trunks and the ground slides beneath her
feet. Glancing over at the hockey field beyond the diamond
bars, she becomes a spectator of children's fantasies.
As their voices fade behind her, she comes upon the
countenance of a small child with his skateboard. He is
valiantly throwing a piece of stone into the atmosphere in
hopes that he will defy the laws of gravity. When she
departs from her friend, he feels the impulse to
cast a bit of gravel at her retreating figure. Perhaps he
receives incredible joy from throwing the rock at her,
for she is supposedly much older and wiser than he.
But one can contend since he is the innocent; he is
much wiser than she.

Eternity
Ann Ewing '80

A thought stored away
A feeling pushed aside
To be pulled out another day.

But there is no time
And too much thought
To write another line.

Words on scattered paper
Never to take shape,
But to remain . . .
 unfinished.

A Spring
Ariel Muller '85

A little mountain spring, I found
That fell into a pool
I made my hands into a cup
And caught the sparkling water up.

The Black Woman
Heather Muller '80

I climbed onto the hot, dingy Greyhound and, burdened with luggage, clumsily started down the aisle. Critical eyes and purses laid in empty seats warned me that a new passenger was unwelcome. I hesitated before each empty seat, reminding myself that I'd better find a place before I reached the back of the bus, but the stern faces kept me moving and in a matter of seconds, I was exactly where I had told myself not to be. By this time there was only one seat left (next to the window). I asked the shriveled, black lady if I might sit there and she grudgingly scooted over into the seat herself, leaving me the one next to the aisle. She was black all right . . . black skin, black dress, black purse. The only thing about her that wasn't black was the crumpled Kleenex clutched in her hand and the straw hat on her head, which had a faded blue ribbon tied around it. I sat down uneasily, surrounded by cigarette smoke, which gave me the strange sensation of being suffocated. I groaned as I saw that the lady next to me was going to improve matters by smoking a cigarette herself. But why was she so peculiar about it?—all huddled in the corner as though I were going to steal her cigarette! She's a weird one! I couldn't even see her face hidden under that hat. This whole time she had been staring out the window and I had kept my eyes looking in the opposite direction, except for when I stole an occasional, quick glance of her.

At last the bus started, the air began to cir-

culate, and as I became interested in my book I soon forgot about the strange woman.

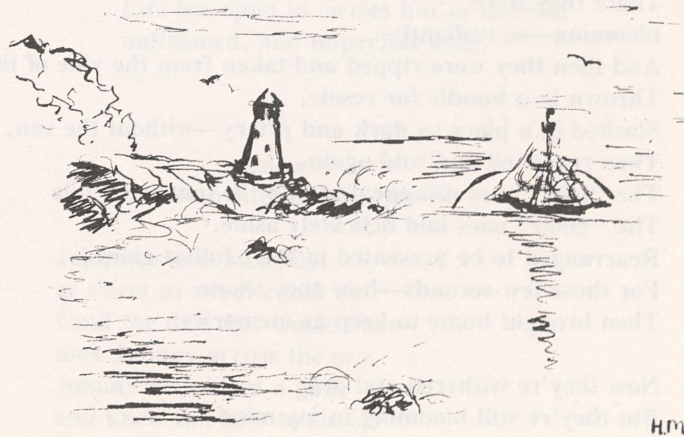
After some time we pulled into a rest stop. I tried to keep reading but the heat made me sick. The fat lady across the aisle violently fanned her face, making her flabby arm jiggle up and down. She kindly chatted to the person beside her about the weather. I looked at the woman next to me. She was huddling in the corner fumbling with another cigarette. Suddenly it occurred to me that she might be trying to keep the smoke from bothering me. Maybe I had been looking at her in the wrong way. Why was she dressed in black? Was she mourning? Surely not. I studied her more closely. I knew I was making her nervous, but I didn't care. I got a glimpse of her face and it seemed to be hiding some dark tale. Oh if only she would tell me and I could comfort her! (If that's what she wanted.) The stern face continued to show no expression and yet it was softened by the freyed gray-black hair. There was something pathetic maybe even majestic in the creases, bulges and dents of her face. More than ever I wanted to cry for her and to reassure her. Should I make some comment about the weather? The driver got back on the bus and we headed towards the freeway. Fears crept into my mind. I was probably imagining all this.

She didn't want me to bother her. She was the one who had set the barrier in-between us. I opened my book and began to read again.

Daybreak
Mary Laird Warner '82

Across the grey sound night enveloped the shore in a mysterious black shroud, a small fishing village clinging desperately to desolate rock face remained silent praying for the peaceful passing of another day. Images of the heavens reflected in the bay below were disturbed by the rhythmic bobbing of decaying trawlers. Suddenly, a cock's piercing cry heralded the end of Night's dreary reign.

With the spreading of grey light across the horizon, the waters and heavens became distinctly separate. The sun returned as a mighty King victoriously returning from battle bringing hope to the villagers of his realm.



Grace Hall '79

There's a bomb inside of me
—Tick, Tick, Tick—
And I think it's going to explode . . .

You know, bombs are made up of many
things
And the parts are carefully chosen
Because a bomb isn't a bomb without
its parts.
It takes a long time to gather the
parts to a bomb
And once they're put into place,
It's hard to take the bomb apart.

If I could only find the timer,
I could stop it from exploding
And then, maybe, I could slowly
diffuse the rest of the bomb from
my body.
But I have this feeling
That the only parts I'll find
Will be the big, black, exterior parts
And we know that even though the
exterior is gone,
the bomb will still be ticking away.

Suzie Herbert '80

There they were
blooming—so radiantly
And then they were ripped and taken from the vine of life.
Thrown in a bundle for resale,
Stashed in a place so dark and jittery—without the sun,
Then repacked and sold again.
The “bad” ones disappeared into the unwanted pile
The “good” ones laid delicately aside.
Rearranged to be presented in their fullest glory.
For those few seconds—how they shone
Then brought home to keep as memories.

Now they're withered and dry
But they're still blooming in my mind
As wonderful memories.

Val Havard '80

life is like a yoyo
always up and down—
to make it work right
one must
put all his strength into it and
try doing different tricks with it
but mostly one must really enjoy playing with it.



The Fallen Empire
Susan Davies '79

When we were children
Our backyard held an empire.
We had tricycle limousines
And mansions around the roots of trees.

To cross the street was a perilous journey
And outside of one block
Was a foreign land.

Knights had shining tin-foil armor
And brooms for horses,
And a two-foot wide creek
Was a roaring river.

Swingset Rocketships
Tin can stilts
With sandbox castles,
The world was ours.

When kindergarten started
All the magic was lost.
Our backyard empire had fallen.

Addict
Melissa Norton '81

She hides herself—
but she cannot escape
the echoing footsteps in her memory;
she lives a life of destitute;
huddled in a corner, she craves, she wants,
and she reaches for;
late at night she seeks her prey,
hungry, fearful only of lights
which follow her . . .
into her retreat,
where she escapes for a moment,
as if she can . . .
The silver needle poised
she becomes the Queen of Madness,
waiting, craving, wanting,
until night.
The eerie lights of morning are with her always.
The shadows are her own.

Another Love Poem
Ann Ewing '80

He squeezed my hand tightly,
as we sat among family and friends
in a room lit only with the lights
from the Christmas tree; a tree
he was so proud of because he
felt it pleased everyone.

Another Christmas we were
spending together with a new
special understanding. I saw
the love in his eyes as he
squeezed my hand and began
reading *The Night Before Christmas*.
It was a love he never really
verbally expressed, but exemplified
with gifts, laughter, and tears;
tears shed on the Christmas of
a broken tradition, when we
weren't together; a love ever
present in his facial expressions.

I find comfort in knowing
that this very special love will
always be present; for there is
a bond between us much too
strong to ever dissolve . . . for he's
my daddy.

Becky Hinshaw '79

She wanted to die
She went to the bathtub
and started the water running warmly.
She undressed, letting her chemise slip to her feet.
Stepping into the tub
the water made her skin turn a rosy hue.
She leaned back closing her eyes and rested her
head against the tiles,
her arms languorously hanging over the sides of
the tub.
Sunlight streamed in the window and lit half of her
beautiful face and long neck.
Looking down at the surface of the water, she won-
dered why it wasn't dirty.
A man pounded on the door, breaking her reverie—
she called softly, reassuring him she would
appear quickly.
She wondered indifferently if she had had him
before—his voice wasn't familiar.
She sighed and reached for the razor—
The patterns her blood made in the water,
she thought were the cleanest and
most beautiful thing she had ever seen.

Days
Susan Crenshaw '79

Now, this day, time has rested, fledged,
stopped.
Happiness has begun, come, gone.
Sadness has taken its toll.
My conscious has been at rest, active,
and at bay.
Life has spun in circles but in uneven,
unfinished, and imperfect ones.

Encore?
Beth Richardson '79

Johnny was a nice boy,
as sweet as sweet could be.
Until the day that Uncle Sam
took Johnny across the sea.
Johnny never had a gun,
and knew not how to shoot.
Today my Johnny's just another M.I.A. recruit.

Lucy Graves '81

Alone in the studio the girl stares at the mirror,
and in it she sees exactly what they see.

"a child, a silly, dreaming child . . ."

But in the images in her own mind
she is somebody.

Today's she's a dancer—but tomorrow she could be a queen.

She is special, because she knows . . .

She knows that she can turn those "silly" images
into realities.

Only she has the power to do it,
because only she, a child, has the faith,
and that is the key.

Yet the child will change, in time, just as they did,
And she won't believe anymore.

And when she is older she will look back and think,
"How silly."

Nicki Pendleton '79

What I feel is
pain but it crumbles into
the pleasure of ability . . .

This pain is not telling me
that something is wrong but that
something is right

It is a reminder of my ability,
an attest to my accomplishments

And hurt engendered by great
achievement is not hurt at all
but pleasure. . . .

ballet

Martha Stamps '79

I kept it inside for two whole days.

You would have been proud.

Those chiseled stony features
didn't twitch even once.

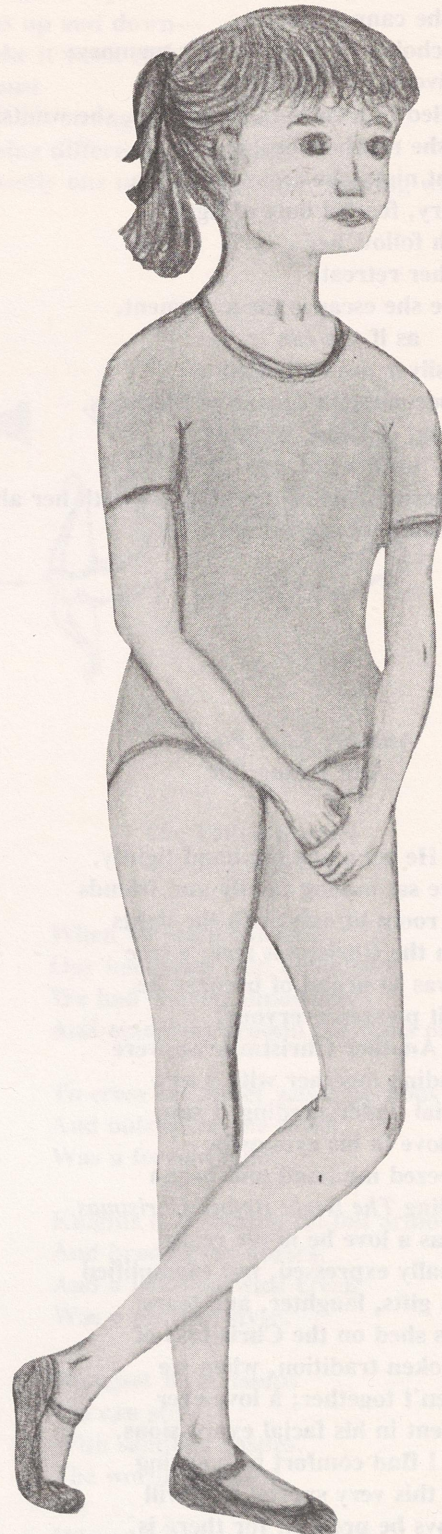
Not once did those icy blue
eyes suggest a blink for
non existant tears.

I was calm. I maintained
all the dignity I could drum up. I
didn't drop character once.

I played the role as maturely
as you've always said I should.

But then I heard your voice and
from so far away and felt it move me
like no comforting arms ever could.

And I cried. So long and so hard.
And it felt so good.



Josh and Carrie
Val Havard '80

Children are the element of the universe
blonde hair, blue eyes
too young to realize the rough, harsh, dirtiness
of our world.
Yet old enough so that they are in touch
with a calm, sunny, dreamy world.
They are objects of love
They aren't fake and phony
they aren't cruel and unfeeling
they hurt, they love, they need
But they have a flame in them that makes them
notice little animals, love, and God's world.
Yet as they grow the flame dies into a rock of
reality and waking up is more difficult.
Hate comes easier than love
and fake smiles replace freckled grins.

Beth Ely '81

there are many pictures
in this world
we call our own
they echo our cries for
beauty and understanding
sometimes it's hard
to find still waters in
our thoughts
patches of nothing where
we can be real
maybe the most difficult
part of living is not
finding who we are
but is understanding what
lives inside us
the energy that wriggles
its way to our heart
asking not to be an
island of individuality
but a fiber in the web
of everything . . .

There comes a time in every man's
life
When he must leave his past and
push forward
He must search to reach his dreams
and goals
And if it happens that he ends
up where he started
—So be it.
So let me go find myself.

You may not like the changes,
So look only if you dare to
see me differently
But if you dare and look at
me hard enough—
You may find me to be the
same after all.

I have this feeling that I'll
be back some day
And my only hope is to meet
you there
But if you're not
Then it'll all fade into
"experience"
And I know that time will
move us onwards.

Someone
Susan Crenshaw '79

I look at her from afar
And find her very unique.
She is aloof, unchained, wild,
and I cannot grasp her content
or her purpose.
She stereotypes no categories
but forms her own—
of security and knowledge.
I admire her because she knows life.
Her eyes puzzle me.
She sees in her speech
And looks with her ears.
She speaks admirably
And has an omnipresent aura
where only the best are admitted—
only the willing.
Her job is not an outlet to power
to her it is merely a stepping stone.
She accepts blemishes and makes
worse better and better best.
I hold a great desire to reflect and learn—
from her.
I will learn because I realize her power.

Martha Stamps '79

You interfere with my life.
If your words didn't linger I might get my
term paper in on time.
If you'd smile on the other half of
your face, I might get to class on time.
If you could possibly stop standing there in
that ridiculous raincoat in the midst
of my biology class, I could
conceivably finish my lab.
If you would please leave, just long enough
for me to set the table, Mom would stop
telling me to eat more at lunch, take
my vitamins and get more sleep.
If you would just make your words stop
repeating and repeating like the thunder
that never quite dies in the heavy
summer night, my eyes might stop shining
and my heart might stop pounding and
I really could be interested in what
Daddy had for lunch today.
But you don't, and I can't, and I'm glad.

Buzzy Bouchard '79

Isn't it great
that God takes now,
and forgives
yesterday!
Isn't it perfect—
that He forgives now!!

With But "One Life to Live"

Suzie Herbert '80

Is this what we do with but "One Life to Live"? "As the World Turns" we follow the "Guiding Light," and we "Search for Tomorrow." "All My Children" are in "Jeopardy" because of a "Family Feud." Now the "Price is Right" on the "Wheel of Fortune" because the stakes placed by the "High Rollers" have given us, "To Tell the Truth," "Happy Days." "Ryan's Hope" that the "Doctors" in "General Hospital" would save Faith's life made him buy her a "\$20,000 Pyramid." He's the "Young and the Restless" one of "All in the Family." That "Joker's Wild!" But as the "Edge of Night" falls, your own "Love of Life" shows you that those "Hollywood Squares" must be in "Another World" if they think they can really control the "Days of Our Lives."

Ester
Beth Richardson '79

-“Yes!”
-“Yes, there's one package left.” (I answered abruptly.)
-This whole day has been nothing but an illusion. And
all these days of shopping. Crowded stores and streets . . .
-“Coming!”
-I don't want to go, but we've gone every year. That
tinsel! How gaudy! The room's an awful mess.
-“A minute!”
-How did all this get started anyway^{3/8} Christmas
trees, ribbons, shiny jewelry; it's all so artificial,
like that tinsel.
(Sound of a car starting.)
-I must hurry—they'll leave me.
-“What?”
-“Okay!”
-As I turned back from the door on my
way out, I saw the tree. It glimmered like
a big star. The wind from the door caused
the tinsel to dance. Fascinated, I gazed at
one shiny piece. As it revolved around and
around, I noticed it catch the distorted
reflection of a creche ornament.
(The sound of a car horn.)
I closed the door.

Melissa Norton '81

I wanted to tell you I love you
... but I couldn't because I was afraid
you didn't love me.
I wanted to kiss you
... but I couldn't because I thought
you'd think I was forward.
I wanted to reach out and touch you
... but I couldn't because I'd have to stretch.
I wanted to offer you my undying help and support
... but I couldn't because
I was afraid of rejection.
I wanted to let you know I love you
... but I couldn't
because you were gone.

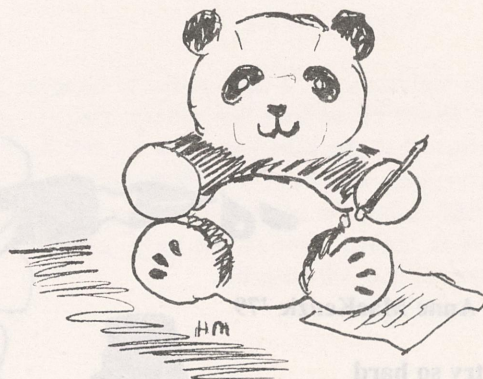
Marvel of an Unbeliever
Misty Sperry '80

They say they can hear Your voice . . .
In the clap of thunder
or a baby's cry;
In the roar of an ocean
or the calm of a lake.
They say they can see Your glory . . .
In the tempest of a thunderstorm
or the beauty of a butterfly;
In the depths of a cave
or the openness of a golden meadow.
In fact, I've heard them say
They can feel Your presence . . .
In the dark of the night
or at the rise of a new dawn;
In the death of a loved one
or the birth of a new-born babe.

If all of this is true, then
Why didn't they share their precious
Secret with me sooner?
Could it be that they are . . .
Selfish?
Unwilling to share their secret?
I've heard it said that they
Are to spread this knowledge of
Your greatness throughout the world.
How tragic that Your believers
Don't freely tell of Your great promises.
But, instead keep them for
Themselves and leave the world to its own
Tragic Fate.

Susan Davies '79

They enter, laughing:
The well-groomed girls
With rings on their fingers.
Ladies on the outside
Sometimes.
Friends on the outside
Sometimes.
They exit, laughing.



Jeannie Cochran '79

I have uttered the words
and now there is no taking them back.
In a moment of frenzied anger, stinging
accusations tripped off my tongue—
and hurt the heart of the wounded recipient.
I see the defeated, crestfallen look in her eyes
and now want to reassure her of my love. But
the same tongue that uttered the cruel words
of anger will not elicit the comforting tones
of kindness.

For You
Holly Zimmermann '81

If there are words I will say it
If there is a song I will play it
Anything to make you see and know
how much you mean to me.

There are some who say that words
can't impart
The feelings and thoughts that are known
to the heart,
If that's to be the case, then I'll
waste my life away
Telling you all the things that
my words cannot say.
I love you. I love you.

Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

You try so hard
to sit in
to be with
that, quote, special crowd.
So now you drink too much
and tell everyone
who you were with
and where.
You're playing
Pretending you're something
you are not.

Please, be yourself
Don't try to be
exactly like "them"
Don't try to fit yourself
into their image
Don't ignore your ideas
and feelings.
Don't lose yourself . . .
As I did.

Without Transition
Nicki Pendleton '79

We hang
Suspended
In glass balloons
Far above the world
All time stopped
Stillness sustained
Until the glass shatters
The bubbles explode
And we fall
Now drifting, now hurtling
One long
exhilarating
breath snatching
time flying
drop

We get up
Brush our clothes
And we're too big
to fit into our wedding dresses
And we smoke too much
And drive hook'ups
And cook dinner
And go to the P.T.A.
And remember how it was
before the glass broke

Squirming Brains, Knowledge Worms
Suzy Bell '79

Man is but an ink spot to be washed away with the
next rain. His contributions to society are lost regularly.
The tears of rain accompany the loss of human life,
sometimes. But what of the pauper who was cast into a
hole in a city plot. The worn writing is not legible, but it
shows that somebody cared. The workman who painstakingly
inscribed the plaque of death cared about his workmanship.
The carbon remains sink farther into the ground and past
with each rain. Someone must have cared. Any enemy or
friend would feel satisfaction or pathos.

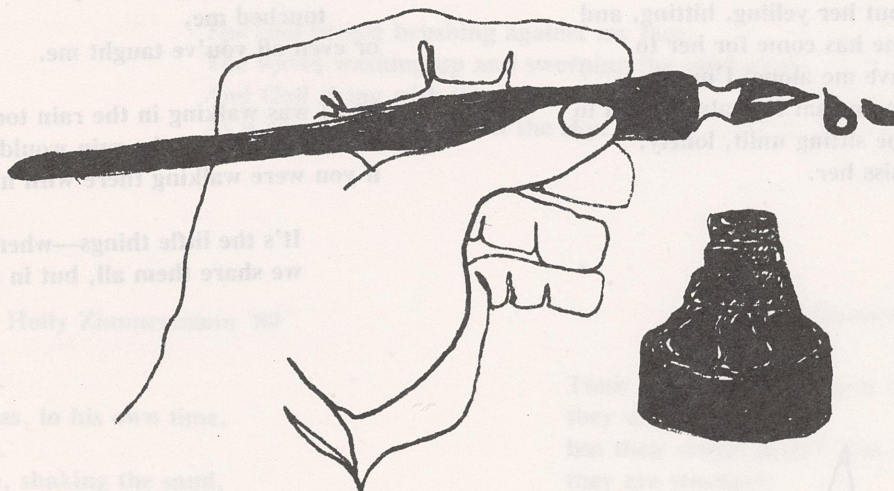
Today the method is different. People die in trash
heaps or alleys. A man-made machine scoops the souls
up and compresses the masses together. The garbage is
used as fertilizer for future generations. These nutrients
provide more beings. These beings suffer the same fate.
Is the idea not sickening? The past, the present and the
ideas exist; the facts are parallelisms. Optimist or pessimist,
you choose. Is there a median? Does driving on the median
cause legal complications within your State of Being?

Jeanne Harris '79

Being children
we find it easy to say
Yes and No.
Being friends
we find it easy to laugh
and learn and share.
With you beside me, I can.
With you behind me, I try.
With you ahead of me, I reach.
Oh that we could always be children.
But how rare to have your friendship
and your wing forever.
Please promise me you'll keep making me
feel this way.
When I am ninety-four
Your flowers will still arrive with
the message: Have many happy more.
You have a special place, dear.
I wish you could know. . . .
Thank-you.

Martha Stamps '79

How many years has it been now, 2?
Lord it has to have been more than that.
or less—I don't know.
They said it would stop
I suppose it has, in general
ha—now that's a lie Martha.
You always were great at deception.
So tell me, now. How does it feel to
pretend you don't love someone for two years?
My, you must be quite a little actress.
Well, of course it hurt
But we all go through these things.
The pain fades until all we remember
are the happy times.
Funny they never seemed so sad.



The Penstaff "Disease"
Melissa Norton '81

Once there was an inspiration—
It grew . . .
and spread, filling
our minds with thought
and our papers with words.
These were read by our group,
complimented, criticized, modified, and
put together in a collection known fondly as
Hallmarks.

Hero
Kitty Cawood '79

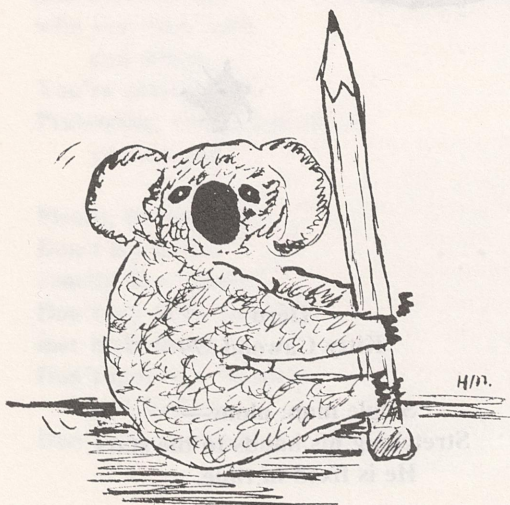
Single man; alone—
Stretching his hands to the stars.
He is fixed in time.

A Sonnet
Mary Laird Warner '82

Ag'd pinnacles tow'r o'er a sunlit yard
Where shadows struggle to gain greater heights;
Crows soaring o'er the parrish in mid-flight
Descend upon the steeple's top as guards.
An arid breeze pervades the halls within
Where dappled light diffuses then is lost,
And wilted flow'rs lie neath the tarnish'd Cross,
a symbol that once ruled the hearts of men.
The wounds of war now scar out wretched land
And mark the age of "freedom" for the Earth
From the "constricting bands of religion."
Yet, should we scoff the wielder of this hand?
And scorn that which has suckled man from birth?
Or can we, as men, take that position?

Untitled
Karen Fleming '81

She'll be leaving soon. I used to try to imagine
how great it would be without her yelling, hitting, and
crying, but now that the time has come for her to
pack her belongings and leave me alone, I'm not
so sure I'll like seeing the room that I've always run to
when something bothered me sitting unlit, lonely,
and full of memories. I'll miss her.



untitled
Heather Muller '80

My roots were torn out of the ground
The warm earth crumbled away,
as I was thrown into empty space with nothing to cling to,
till finally I hit the ground
with a thud,
and then slowly gathering myself together,
tried to make new grasps in the hard earth.

Holly Zimmermann '81

I thought of you when I was
walking in the rain today.
It's not really that the rain
reminds me of you (no more than
everything else does that is)
I wasn't really thinking of your smile
(the way I usually am)
or of how I love to look in your eyes
I wasn't thinking of how you've
touched me,
or even all you've taught me.

No, I was walking in the rain today
thinking how soft the rain would be
if you were walking there with me.

It's the little things—when we're apart
we share them all, but in my heart.

Upon Reading Hallmarks '78
Susan Davies '79

I guess I've been reading corny poems too long.
But they all express real feelings—
At least—
All the ones I write mean something to me.
I'm sure all the others are real, too.
They always surprise me—
The people I don't know always seem so fake—
Until I read their corny poetry,
And I realize that they're as scared as I am.

Teardrops
Melissa Norton '81

The first always comes the slowest
and feels the wettest;
cold clamminess against dry skin, dripping
onto an ironed pillowcase,
urged on by mere harsh words or actions.
The ones that follow are freer, cheaper, each
a mild mockery of the first.
Each new tear rubs the heart and
echoes the hurt in my emotions.
yet each relieves a sense of frustration
and renews the dooming silence;
as I lie in bed . . . quietly, the voiceless
drops rolling down my cheeks—my eyes are burning
now—my nose is stuffy—my heart is aching and my
lungs heave with every forced breath,
as I lie crying as if to myself . . .
until sleep and the morning come . . .
like an eraser over a dusty yesterday . . .

Sunset
Lisa Staley '79

The cool breeze brushing against my face.
The waves washing up and sweeping the sand away.
And God rising with the sun,
As it silently moves across the sky.

Holly Zimmermann '80

Loves past—
Each who was, in his own time,
the only one.
Each a wave, shaking the sand,
then sinking back, for the new to rise.
Each a precious day in my life,
happy to be, but destined to end.
Each calls from behind,
and I am compelled to pause and look back
and to wonder what power possessed me
to sacrifice my loves,
not the people, but the worlds we built
together,
To face a future so unsure
and to hope that the love I find tomorrow
is worth the love I lost yesterday.
It is in this hope that I find strength
to accept the passing of time.

I'm Home Alone . . .
Didi Kaplan '82

When do you hear a creak
and get very scared
and hope that you are still there alone?
When do you read a fantastic book
and all of a sudden you hear a loud ring
and hope that you are still there alone?
When do you hear a quiet bang on the door
and jump from your seat
and hope that you are still there alone?
When do you see an imaginary shadow
and bite your finger nails
and hope that you are still there alone?

We all do this sometimes
When we are home alone.

Val Havard '80

Their arms are linked and they are sipping champagne
they are smiling
but their smiles aren't real—they are only ritual
they are strangers
their hearts have never touched
they've never talked of anything important
they've never sat quietly in front of a fire and just enjoyed being alone.
Their laughter is only a ritual
And now, because of society, they are in the back of a
taxicab going on their honeymoon
A steel barrier divides them
And he dreams of a thin girl with raven hair and
a tattered dress and the nights they sat on a starlit
beach and laughed and looked into each others' eyes
and really felt something besides a cold hard
feeling.
And the blond girl beside him glances out the
window at the gently falling rain and wipes one
tear away.

Circus
Val Havard '81

File in file in the circus is about to begin
Huge beasts begin stomping out
as the barker fills the tent with his shout
Bright gaudy colors of pink and blue
A strange ugly dwarf tells the animals what to do
he beats them, he whips them till in rhythm they go
The ringmaster shouts "See the greatest show"
Evil clowns kick and hit each other
The little boy shouts with joy and clings to his mother
Next come the tightrope walkers, wow! What a thrill
the noise of the crowd goes up, what if they should
take a spill?
The smell is overpowering
as the cotton candy starts souring
Now the strong man has a bear pinned
Will this awful circus never end?

Martha Stamps '79

Sometimes I'm so tired.
I keep reaching out, and out and out . . .
I reach toward people—
Thinking that he or she or they
can make things right,
can change my attitude,
change my life
I reach toward tests and papers and the
numbers thereon,
Thinking all I have to do is
ace this one,
or make honor roll, just this once,
or get into this school.

I reach out, and out and out
until I fold in.
The tears come, self-pity, self-martyrdom.
Why can't I remember—
Please, make me remember that
I've got *reach*, but in;
I've got to reach in to you, Lord.

Nicki Pendleton '79

The wail of the young
Laughter and hurrah of youth
Chatter of middle age and
Ramblings of the elderly
All give way to the thundering,
engulfing quiet of death.

Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

There's a change inside of me
You can't see it
But no longer will I worry
about our feelings about each
other.
No longer will I hesitate to
say I love you
I'll not hide my love.
I want to accept the responsibility.

To care and accept you
For what you are
And I won't play games and tease
You're much more important to me
than that.
I'm willing to give and not
expect twice as much in return
I want to love you.
And to start our beginning.

To Jill
Jeanne Harris '79

Losing you made it a lot easier to let go of
my childhood and go on to the next phase.

Your place on the hill has come to represent all
the happy memories that I have to put away. I can
still feel close to them and to you.

And when I cry about you, I cry because I
miss you, not because I never got to say,
"I love you; Goodbye." I know that you knew.

There's a certain sunrise on the hill now.
It warms the grass and the trees and reads the
marker but casts no shadow.

The Lion
(To K.C.C.)
Christie Ewing '79

I see you as a lion;
standing tall and straight,
looking so fierce and brave.
Yet your eyes show
that you fearfully hide,
Waiting for Dorothy to lead you to Oz.

Grammer School "Best Friend"
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

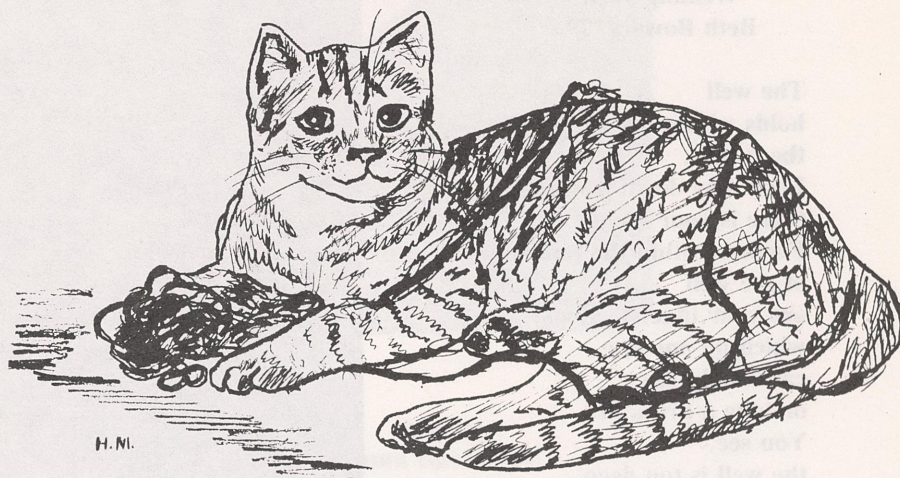
We used to play hopscotch
and 4-square.
Remember running the 50-yard dash
You were so fast!
And remember that slumber party
I had
And we listened to ghost stories
We were such good friends.

Now we *might* say 'hello'
We never talk now except
about those times.
So much is lost
that was once so carefully
guarded.

There was no sudden break
No other "best friend"
We just grew apart.

A Feeling
Buzzy Bouchard '79

it came.
quietly—
without much warning.
all my strength
could not hold it back.
charging forth—stinging.
for my face was
weathered and,
it was salty



Ephesians 5:14
Susan Davies '79

"Wherefore he saith 'Awake thou that sleepest and arise
from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.' "
The sun rises,
But I sleep on.
Occasionally broken rays of light
Playing on my eyelids
Command my attention,
But I ignore their warning
And return to heavy, unsatisfying sleep.
Finally I open my eyes
And the Light pours in
Beckoning me to become one of the living.

My day quickly passes
With people changing all around me.

But the sun is constant.

My evening lingers with the
Sparkling mist rolling in
Enveloping me.
With it my soul travels—
Leaving my body in the darkness.

Wishing Well
Beth Bowers '79

The well
holds within itself
the future.
Look way down inside—
there is your image.
Farther within the realms
of the well
are your inner feelings,
which no one else
can touch, see,
or take a drink of.
You see,
the well is too deep
for someone to dip into
your dreams,
yet it's possible
to taste of your own.

Lucius
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

Little black man,
a preacher.
Your clothes are as black
as your skin
Your shirt as soiled
as your life.

You spoke of God
as if you knew.
In your broken
Southern drawl
You told me
of your life
And of your God.
A God who loves
and saves
Saved you
Saved me.



The Reason
Nicki Pendleton '79

He sees his wife's
reflection
In his baby girl
He can stand it no longer
Break the mirror.



The Sea
Julia Metcalf '80

The waves roll over and over,
sparkling.
Sun beams reflect;
They almost blind.
Clear blue liquid sloshes;
A rainbow fish glides.
Bright coral and sponges decorate;
The sky is peppered with clouds.
The sea is a ticket for wandering hearts.

On the sparkling sands,
A haggard man throws a bottle to the
expansive sea—
His ticket to home.
His ticket to freedom.
Hope is the only thing left,
For *him*.

The End
Ann Ewing '80

Today, tomorrow, always,
I will search for a conclusion
to myself.
I portray those around me,
while living on a borrowed existence;
Hoping that eventually, "me"
Will not be just a part of me.

Despair
Susan Davies '79

Quietly her mangled emotions burn
causing her face to crimson and
wrenching water from her
in the form of tears.
The knives ripping through her
cause her to shudder
which,
in turn,
breaks her final stance.
And her remains crumble into the void of her soul.

The Real Thing
Christie Ewing '79

The mountains keep us smiling all over.
Tall, Rocky, and the smokey-fog
covers the top.
Hike long and hard
to smell the beautiful air.
The mountains of our city home
are tall, made of concrete,
and the foggy-smoke covers the top.
Ride the elevator to the top.
Why?

The tall, blue-gray mountains
swept over us all,
We smiled at the sight of home
but deep down
we cried,
for we had seen the Real thing.

Upon Reflection
Jennifer Orth '79

Ideas break through the hard, crusty surface,
and rays of sunshine lend their light
to the dark, cavernous recesses of the mind—
Feebly at first, but with ever increasing
strength,
Revealing the potentially precious stones that
lie embedded in the rich soil.
The miners set to work, each highly skilled
at his craft—
Each with the experience to bring these
rough insights and thoughts to the surface.
They work slowly and methodically, highly
aware that one faulty blow could
shatter these stones and render them
worthless.
The workers tediously, sometimes tortuously,
chip away at the excess rock, finally
freeing the stones of true value.
They polish them and bring them out,
shining in the light.
The mind's potential has been fulfilled.

In retrospect of two years . . .
Beth Bowers '79

The snowflakes fall
as different as we ourselves are,
only to hit our cheeks,
melt,
and form a stream,
where we drift
away,
and sometimes apart.
Only when we get caught up,
do we see each other again.
It's those times,
being whirled in the pools of water,
do I realize how much I need you,
how much I love you,
and how much I'll miss you.

Betsy Bass '79

The cold blue light
moves in patterns across the wall.
On the sofa he sits,
placing himself among the football heroes
as they dash, tackle, and endorse shampoo.
He, too, dashes, tackles, and endorses—
just like the biggies.
The referee's whistle,
the cheer of the crowd,
the snap of a beer tab.
In his impotent dreams
my father is a football hero.

A Closer Look
Laurie Bell '81

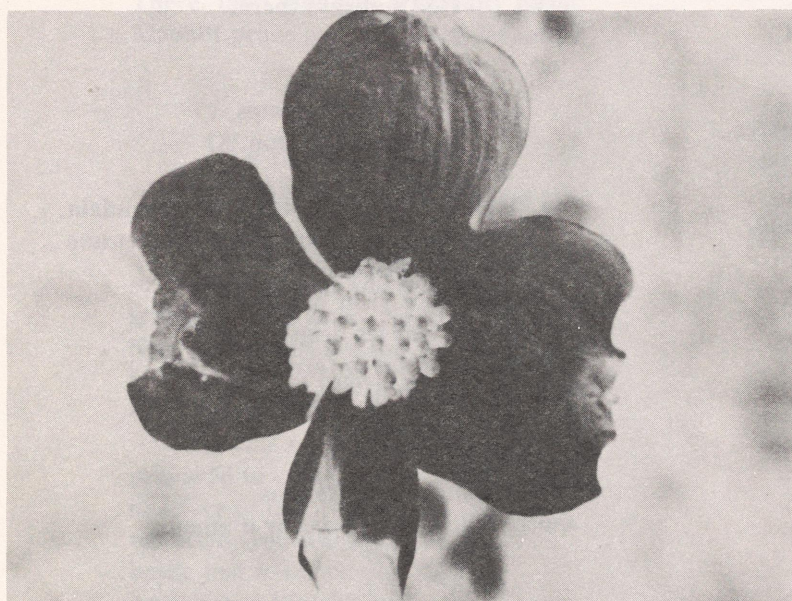
I was sitting on the steps after 6th
period and I noticed the
people—all those girls—for the
first time.
I saw only this huge mass of
moving plaid.
All those female bodies
All dressed alike
All under a strict authority
which programs them to
follow the same, monotonous
schedule day after day.
Only one who looks closer
can discover what separates
them.

Hope
Val Havard '81

A rainbow after the storm
love after hate
smiles after tears
a tiny flower after a cold winter
a newborn baby after long months of waiting
the sun peeping out behind gray clouds
hope is a spark ignited by man and a candle
kept burning by God.

Val Havard '81

Together they are a couple dressed in white
 Standing erect on top of a sugary white wedding cake
 With their plastic faces and painted smiles
 As fake as the paper bells and artificial flowers
 Only thin icing holds them together
 and so, when it is cut
 Off the cake they fall into the pink champagne
 punch.



Fallout
 Beth Richardson '79

Two lands.
 The sun shines upon them both,
 but at different times.

One land is the land of equality.
 All is good and bright in this land.

The other land is the land of the oppressed.
 It is cold and dark here.

The two lands appear very different.

But,
 when the snow falls
 it's funny
 how everything looks the same.

Roses Past
 Holly Zimmermann '81

And so you sent me flowers—
 meant more than you will know.
 But their time, too, is passing
 and they will no longer grow.
 So ask not why the flowers died
 or why past lovers said goodbye.
 Let no more time slip away—
 a daisy blooming every day.

The 11th Hour
 Holly Zimmermann '81

Just hold me now
 For all the times you have in the past.
 Just let me be close to you for a few
 more minutes
 for all the times I wasn't, in the past.
 Don't make me look into your eyes;
 I don't want to see what's happening.
 Let me bury my face in your nearness
 for a minute longer
 Now, just make me know you love me
 for all the times I won't, in the future.

I am Me
 Christie Ewing '79

"Cheer up!" she orders as I pass her in the hall.
 "Smile!" she demands when I see her at lunch.
 Hey, we all have our downs—let me live mine.
 I mean, if I am perfectly happy being sad,
 depressed, cheerless, etc., why should I smile?
 For her?
 No way. If and when I smile, I want it
 to be real and really happy and only for me.
 Selfish? Yes.
 Will you give me that right?

Jeannie Cochran '79

"Oh, Charleen, darling, you look simply gorgeous."
"Why Mary Sue, you are just too kind"
"Care to join me for a sip of a drink?"
"Oh—I'd love to—I'm truly exhausted—
You see, our maid only came 4 days instead of
5 this week and I couldn't go to the Country
Club and play Bridge—and to top it off—
George says we won't be able to go to Europe
again this year. And—"
"Mary Sue, that's just horrendous—
how did you make it through the week?
Here, let's have a drink and let me tell you about
my horrifying experience. . . ."

This conversation, dispersed with shrill laughter
and false gestures, ended with gooey farewells, kisses
and hugs. They both walked away. Having said
nothing.

Content

Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

A short black man
thick at the waist
grey and black speckled areas
on his closely shaven head.

A crinkled brown paper bag
Resting on his heavy thigh

He sat on a paint-peeling
bench
near a fresh swaying
willow tree
And always smiled at
the passersby.

God is Always There
Susanne Bass '80

I've always heard the secret o' life
is to love and to care
And if you need a friend . . . God's always there.
But loving and caring cannot cure all
And at the end of life, everyone must fall.
For life to end so soon, seems so unfair
And the pain that accompanies it seems
hard to bear.
But never forget if you need a friend . . .
God's always there.

Le Printemps
Melissa Norton '81

Le Printemps est entré doucement, soudain,
avec un bruissement des feuilles et une
floraison des fleurs . . .
Murmurant, il yient pendant la nuit,
en fondant les neiges,
en chauffant la terre.
Il m'a dit mots de beauté . . .
et tranquillité
et paix
et toutes les sensations,
qui remplissent mon coeur d'amour.



The Flock
Mary Laird Warner '82

Shadows weaving among the fighting crests
Are silhouetted on the moonlit sea.
And faint beneath the starlit skies is he
Who flies instead to shores where darkness rests.
Landing upon the silken moistened lands
The flock explores with motions uncertain
As evening's mystic silence curtains
The flock and sea and shore and sky, the land.
A sudden, shrill cry—the flock ascends alarm'd
Into the tranquil skies of safety's home
Following their destiny o'er the foam
To unknown realms which man had not yet harm'd.
There, faint glimpses of eternity blend
Moonlit peace and unknown darkness.

To The 1979 Seniors
Ann Ewing '79

Lost are the 4 walls that held you
so safely and gave you security,
snatched from your grip in one day.
Now those walls are too vast to
be defined, and they offer no dark
corner in which to retreat.

But you are leaving your fortress
prepared to conquer new challenges
met face to face, eye to eye. All
too often, you will fight life in a
battle just too hard you think to
survive and life will push you into
your four walls and your dark
corners, but the corners just
aren't dark enough to allow you
to hide from yourself.

Nicki Pendleton '79

We'll both get there
2 different ways
But we will arrive at the same place
It is different things to different
people
I'll let you walk your golden streets
and wear satin robes
It's the same
And it doesn't matter how you go
You get there with Him
I'll get there with him
I'll see you in Heaven. . . .

Betsy Bass '79

"you used to love me"
I used to wear size 6X dresses,
but I outgrew them.
I used to hate spinach,
but I outgrew that.
I used to have Batman as my hero,
but I outgrew him.
I used to love you?
Yes, but for my sanity's sake, I outgrew you.
Loving you now would be like still having
Batman as my hero—both of you wear
masks, both of you are unemotional,
both of you are admired, and both of you
exist with two irreconcilable personalities
that can never find a union. Bruce Wayne
would never wear tights.

Sarah Davis '82

Horses galloping across the field
Wind in their silken manes,
Breath blown back into their nostrils,
Their sheer beauty astounding.

Incredible machines, well made,
And in total control.
Long legs that take the ground
For their own they relinquish it.

Blowing waves of grass,
Trampled and conquered
By the horse's power, the
Strength that will remain until the end of Time.

Holly Zimmermann '81

To go to a special place we used to
go together
To remember the things we used to
do there
And to feel nothing.
Not thankful for the times we had
or longing for them again
Not even sad.
Only a lonely, empty awareness.
I guess that means it's over.

Je mms. Stamps
Beth Bauer '79

Life bubbles in you like an endless stream
That must feed itself and others.
Overflowing,
You pass onto others what you experience
And though you trip over stones and pebbles
In your path,
Your endless flow travels onward.
You have rambled past us,
But leaving behind you something we
have each kept and cherished.
Life abounds in you
And will forever live in you,
For your spirit is unending.

Leurs vies
Sarah Webster '80

On suppose que la vie est difficile pour
tout le monde
Mais chez moi habitent deux chats pour
qui elle reste
Un jeu, la nourriture, le sommeil, et l'amour.

Un coup de queue commence le jeu.
Il finit avec une course sur des chaises.
Puis des cris pathétiques de faim-la
nourriture—
Vehue et partie dans une seconde folle.

Le doux sommeil vient après des combats
du jour
Et la paix revient dans leurs tites in-
nocentes.
Mais l'amour reste vivante, le jour et
la nuit
A cause de leurs vies dans non coeur
dans ma vie.

Broken Things
Nicki Pendleton '79

Crush the old organdy
And smell the musty mothballs
Crush the Christmas ball
And see the sparkling dust
Crush the freshly fallen snow
And see the footprint you leave
But crush a man's dreams
And see the life seep out.

Martha Stamps '79

Tears can wash away all.
They take fear, frustration and open hurt
and treat them all with the
same indiscretion.
Like a flooded river washing away
any impurities which
may have mingled near
its banks,
tears leave you clean and
pure and, though wholly
vulnerable, somehow
stronger—ready to face it all again.

So Leave the Door Closed
Nicki Pendleton '79

You say that you won't lie
Mama raised you right.
You say that you have nothing to hide.
You've done nothing you regret,
And if you're so honest about your past,
Why shouldn't I be?
Because if I open my closet door
All of the skeletons will fall out.
And they are ugly.
And their faces haunt me at night.
And their bony hands can reach up even from
the past
And touch me and those around me.
So when I can, I leave the door closed.

All's Fair in Combo and War
Jeannie Cochran '79

Hunting season has started.
You see, there's a combo in three
weeks, and everybody is out for
ole #1—so get your telephones
out, aim, and shoot. Hurry—if you
don't, some other hungry hunter
will catch him first. Let me tell you,
I know from experience, "All's fair in
Combo and War." So think fast, all
you hunters, or your prize catch
will be shot down before you even
have a chance to aim.

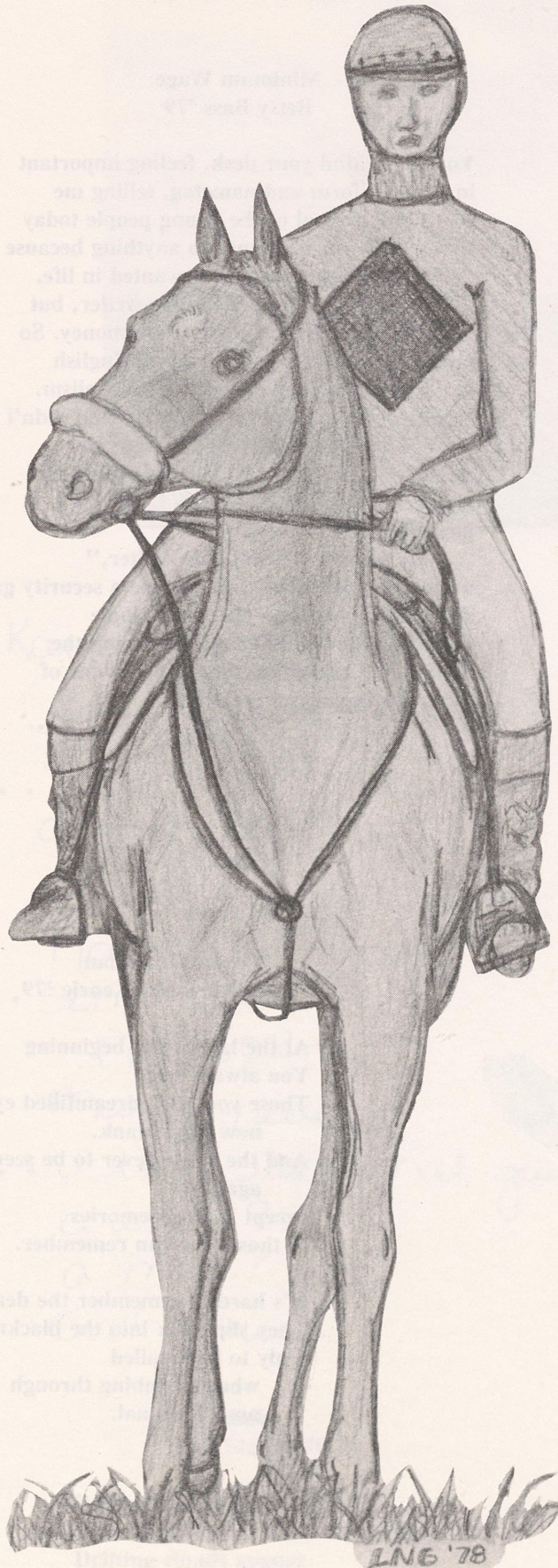
Holly Zimmermann '81

She thought to write of a love she'd
known just past.
To think on all the loving times they'd spent,
to tell of how the time goes by so fast.
But life goes on—her thoughts in silence went.

He thought to write a diary, for his son
To make up for the times they'd never spend.
No time—so many things still to be done.
The diary yet unwritten in the end.

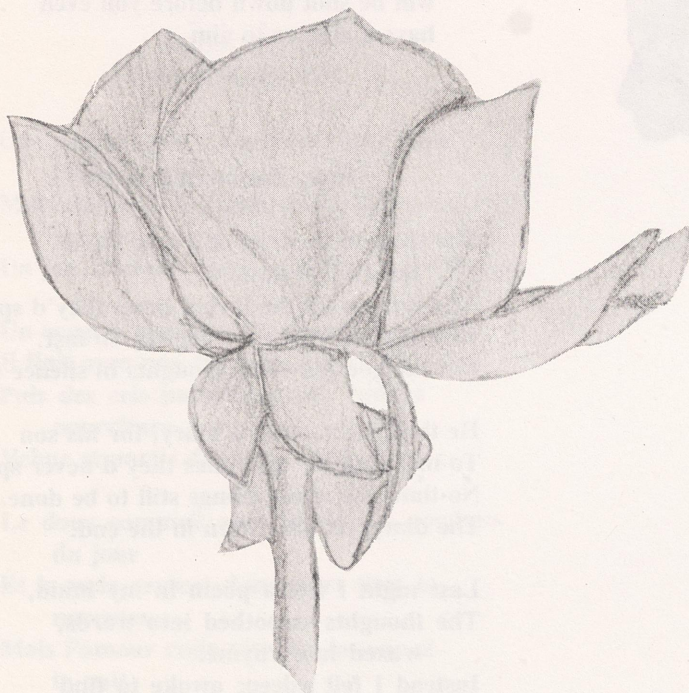
Last night I felt a poem in my mind,
The thoughts smoothed into words,
waxed into rhyme.
Instead I fell asleep; awoke to find
the words were lost. And with the words,
the time.

All the things as yet unsaid
will come to mind when voice is dead



La Vie en Boite
Susan Crenshaw '79

My cup is overflowing
with desire.
I want to be someone . . . important
I want to marry my only lover,
And live, love, travel, cry, laugh.
I want to be free
and rich in thought, desire, and knowledge.
Why can't my span be just a little wider?
I realize that's the whole
principle of mortality—
not death,
but our real limits,
the measure of our ability over time.



Minimum Wage
Betsy Bass '79

You sat behind your desk, feeling important
in your uniform and nametag, telling me
that I was typical of the young people today
that would never amount to anything because
they didn't know what they wanted in life.

I told you I wanted to be a writer, but
was afraid of not making enough money. So
college was my next step with an English
major and a possible career in journalism.
You told me that I was already 17 and didn't
know what I wanted. I disagreed; you
quoted me as saying, "Ideally, I would be
a writer." "Ideally," you said, "doesn't
pay the rent."

So tell me, "Hello, I'm Walter,"
when you first decided to become a security guard
and spend your days checking people
in and out of the building, answering the
phone, and criticizing the young people of
today for having no ambition?

In Memoriam
Lee Anne MacKenzie '79

At the last or the beginning
You always see
Those youthful, dreamfilled eyes
now gone blank.
And the smile never to be seen
again
except in the memories
of those who can remember.

It's hard to remember the dead.
They slip back into the blackness
Only to be recalled
when thumbing through
an old annual.



Karen Fleming '81

How long is forever?
 ... not long
 an inch?
 the sting after a punch?
 No, that's wrong!
 ... Some time.
 — FOREVER —
 Maybe never.
 ... a tiny light that glows?
 a while?
 a mile?
 God knows!

Haiku
 Lisa Staley '79

Brightness of the dawn,
 Creatures stirring from their sleep,
 Drifting clouds appear.

Holly Zimmermann '81

As I lie and watch how the sun casts
 shadows on the sill
 of the ivy, which has, in time,
 crept up to, and nearly beyond my window
 just a reminder that time has past
 Yes, time is past
 nothing else would tell—
 though the ice has melted and
 Spring suddenly was
 but it too ended, or rather faded
 into Summer.
 The sunniest, happiest, shortest and
 the loneliest time.
 And now, the blessed summer is gone,
 slipped away, Ended.
 So they say.
 Summer itself would like to
 have stayed longer I think.
 Still, with all the changes, the seasons,
 the sun and laughter, new moons and
 tears and goodbyes, the memories like
 numbers on an old, old calendar,
 it's the ivy alone reminds me
 we've been together a long, long time.

Struggling, sinking, drowning
Suffocating in a sea of *their* thoughts
 and *their* ideas

Sifting through miles of theories and
 insights that have filtered down
 through the ages to form the rotting
 bottom of this vast, inexhaustable ocean

Only a few glittering thoughts, half buried,
 like golden coins left by the rich
 minds that once traversed this sea.

Yet fighting and swimming—
 straining to reach the surface

Trying to break through the weight of
 your excessive words.

Whatever happened to the pearls of wisdom, anyway?
Were they lost in your ocean of words, too?

The ticking slows
Apathy and anticipation set in
Eyes are fixed always on the windows
Open, but the air doesn't move
It is stifled and sticky
Minds wander aimlessly more
And concentrate less
And the pacemaker
Keeping the steady rhythm
Of the school year
winds
grinds
dissolves
to a halt
The heart stops when
the last bell
rings.

**Waves across the sand
Washing away impressions
Left during the night.**

Dear Lord, today I burned my finger. It hurt and I cried. Lord, thank you for the tears, to cry the hurt away. And Lord, thank you for prayer—because sometimes the hurt is too big.

It's quite simple.
just stop!
feel the crackle of the snow
hear the sigh of the breeze
experience the thump of your own heart.
He is here; He is with you
in everything.
Freeze!
and let Him speak
Relax!
and let Him touch you.

Colors fly by my face
I reach out to touch them,
And they grow, and swell, and terrify me
with their garishness.

My head spins, the ground tilts,
and darkness takes its revenge on my light,
My inner light extinguished;
then blackness and velvety sleep.

A Girl's Prayer
Nicki Pendleton '79

I want to have them at my feet
Breaking down my door
Crying for me
Buying for me
For love is a many splintered thing
And I've been stuck once too often
Let them dream about me now
For I've always forgiven their trespasses
And let their will be done
They have been kings and had
the power and glory forever
It's my turn now

Ah, men!

Val Havard '81

He came to make them laugh
Yet their stony faces didn't move
and so he left . . . weeping bitterly
She came to make them love
Yet their stoney hearts didn't move
and so she left . . . weeping bitterly
It came to make them hate
And their minds moved
applause filled the air
and so it remained.

Le Mème
Susan Davies '79

Il negeait.
Tout le monde
Blanchissait.
Dans les arbres
et
Dans les gens,
Le même,
Il negeait.

Haiku
Susan Davies '79

Absolute Beauty
With Everlasting Love is
Created For Us.

Janus
Beth Richardson '79

One head.
Two faces.
Each has a different view of life.

One side looks
determined
into the past.

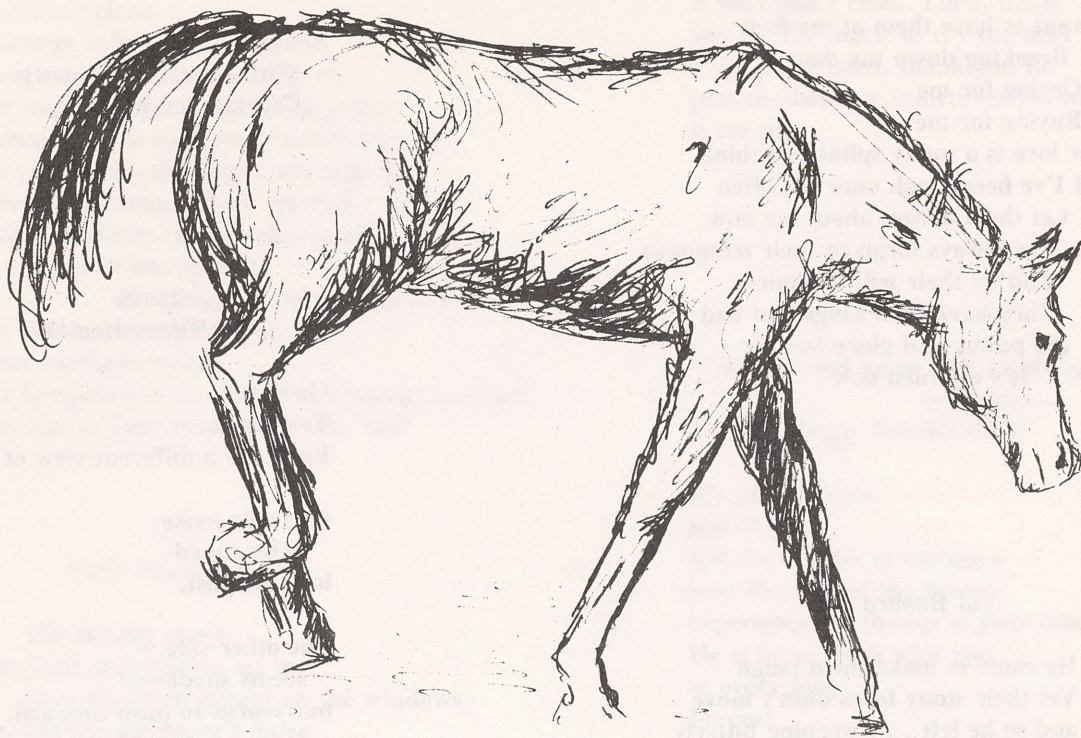
The other side
seems shadowed
but yearns to push forward.

One head.
Two faces.
And the same mind.

Where will the body go?

Grace Hall '79

I sit and wonder:
What will happen next?
What am I here for?
Where am I going?
And I wonder about you
—And I worry
It is so easy for me to look
at you and
Criticize your moves and mistakes
And I sit and wonder if I
should even be wondering at
all.



Voice of a Rebel's Son
Melissa Norton '81

You despised them,
and so you hate us-
Those that went before trampled and
killed OUR paths.
You persecuted them
because they were "different"
at their own risk;
they went against you and fought a bloody war...
but for no result, no triumph,
no glory for us who come from them,
no names that haven't been soiled
and now wreak like the blood on your hands...
And so we too must be different,
and fall victim to your
suppressed vengeance...
...we crouch, waiting, fearing, dreading, resenting....

